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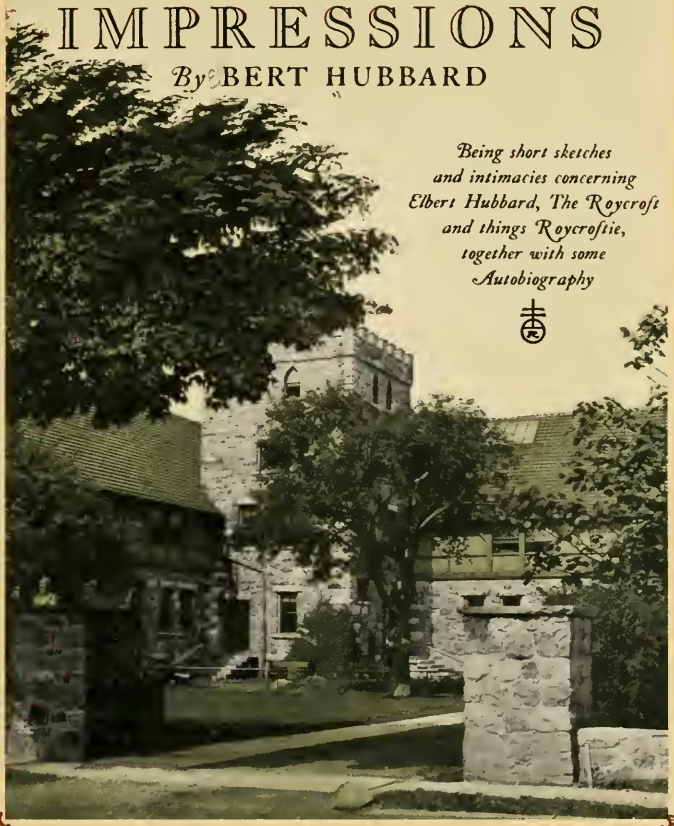
Impressions



IMPRESSIONS

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Being short sketches and intimacies concerning Elbert Hubbard, The Roycroft and things Roycroftie, together with some Autobiography



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Contents

	Page
Foreword	9
Elbert Hubbard II	13
Ali Baba	21
Grandfather and Grandmother Hubbard	29
Grandfather Hubbard	35
The Little Journeys Camp	41
Juliet	47
A Trip to Europe with Elbert Hubbard	55
Elbert Hubbard—Worker	63
The Sterner Side of Elbert Hubbard	69
Elbert Hubbard's Economics	75
Elbert Hubbard and the Kiddies	81
Roycroft—July, 1916	87
From Elbert Hubbard's Friends	93
A Boulder to Elbert Hubbard's Memory	101
The Dump	107
Reflections	113
Responsibility and Freedom	119
Preferred Justice	125

Never explain: Your friends don't require it, and your enemies won't believe you anyway

Foreword



DON'T *suppose there is any reason why I should have hesitated in putting this material between covers. From the time I learned to scribble I have always had the greatest respect for the ability that can "write a book."*

Such ability was to me set upon an elevated plane and I looked up at it. Like most youngsters I aspired to be the author of a book, some day. And I am told that the world is full of folks (young and old and middle aged) who would have their names in gold on the covers of a book.—To be an author!

My time has arrived. And now I find the thrill is not to be. My "book" was to have released the bonds of oppression, under which humanity suffers, and all that sort of stuff. Or, so I had aspired. Instead I am putting together some intimate sketches of my association with Elbert Hubbard, a very humble and unpretentious effort. They are not intended as a biography—that will come later.

These sketches were written and published in The Fra *magazine during the first year after my father died. I had no intention of even putting them in book form.*

But now, because of certain pressure kindly administered, I have gotten together this little volume.

I offer it without apology (the foregoing being only explanatory).

Intermingled throughout is a respect and love and admiration for the Man, my father, which approaches worship, I suppose.

Time, the great modulator, softens and smoothes out the rough places in life, and today—after six years without his presence—the potency of his character is better understood and appreciated by me.

And so here is my book.

Bert Hubbard

It is what we think
and what we do that
makes us what we are



Elbert Hubbard II

Elbert Hubbard II



AM Elbert Hubbard's son, and I am entirely familiar with the proposition that "Genius never reproduces."

Heretofore, it has always been necessary to sign my name, "Elbert Hubbard II"—but now there is an embarrassment in that signature, an assumption that I do not feel.

There is no Second Elbert Hubbard.

To five hundred Roycrofters, to the Village of East Aurora, and to a few dozen personal friends scattered over the face of the earth, I am Bert Hubbard, plain Bert Hubbard—and as Bert Hubbard I want to be known to you.

I lay no claim to having inherited Elbert Hubbard's Genius, his Personality, his Insight into the Human Heart. I am another and totally different sort of man. I know my limitations.

Also, I am acquainted with such ability as I possess, and I believe that it can be directed to serve you.

I got my schooling in East Aurora. I have never been to College.
But I have traveled across this Country several times with my Father. I have traveled abroad with him. One time we walked from Edinburgh to London, to prove that we could do it.
My Father has been my teacher—and I do not at all envy the College Man.

For the past twenty years I have been working in the Roycroft Shops. I believe I am well grounded in Business—also, in Work.
When I was twelve years old my father transferred Ali Baba to the garden—and I did the chores around the house and barn for a dollar a week. From that day forward I earned every dollar that ever came to me. I fed the printing-press at four dollars a week. Then, when we purchased a gas-engine, I was promoted to be engineer, and given a pair of long overalls.
Two or three years later I was moved into the General Office, where I opened mail and filled in orders.
Again, I was promoted into the Private Office and permitted to sign my name under my Father's, on checks. Then the responsibility of purchasing materials was given me. One time or another I have worked in every Department of the Roycroft Shops.

My association with Elbert Hubbard has been friendly, brotherly. I have enjoyed his complete confidence—and I have tried to deserve it.
He believed in me, loved me, hoped for me.
Whether I disappointed him at times is not important. I know my average must have pleased him, because the night he said Farewell to The Roycrofters he spoke well of me, very well of me, and he left the Roycroft Institution in my charge. He sailed away on the LUSITANIA *intending to be gone several weeks. His Little Journey has been prolonged into Eternity.*
For that I do not hate the Germans; but they made a terrible mistake—a terrible mistake. I fear that for years to come the word "German" will bring thoughts of cold-blooded murder to the minds of many.
I fear the phrase, "Made in Germany," will no longer find such warm appreciation. Is it not possible to lose the Soul out of the Machine?
How much the world of thought lost when the German torpedo took away the life of Elbert Hubbard, I am too close to the tragedy to estimate. Others will estimate it—and Germany will know.

The work of Elbert and Alice Hubbard is not done. With them one task was scarcely under way when another was launched. Whether complete

or incomplete, there had to be an end to their effort sometime, and this is the end.

Often Elbert Hubbard would tell the story of Tolstoy, who stopped at the fence to question the worker in the field, "My man, if you knew you were to die tomorrow, what would you do today?" And the worker begrimed with sweat would answer, "I would plow!" That's the way Elbert Hubbard lived and died, and yet he did more—he planned for the future. He planned the future of the Roycroft Shops. Death did not meet him as a stranger. He came as a sometime-expected friend. Father was not unprepared.

The plan that would have sustained us the seven weeks he was in Europe will sustain us seven years—and another seven years. Elbert Hubbard's work will go on.

I KNOW *of no Memorial that would please Elbert Hubbard half so well as to broaden out the Roycroft idea.*

I am a Roycrofter. I know the Roycroft Shops, their possibilities, their market—their friends.

I am now President of The Roycrofters, Incorporated —and I come to you with the suggestion that if Elbert or Alice Hubbard meant anything to you, stand with me now.

We will continue to make Hand-made Furniture, Hand-hammered Copper, Modeled Leather. We shall still triumph in the arts of Printing and Book-making. The Roycroft Inn will continue to swing wide its welcoming door, and the kind greeting is always here for you. THE FRA *will not miss an issue, and you who have enjoyed it in the past will continue to enjoy it!* THE PHILISTINE *belonged to Elbert Hubbard. He wrote it himself for just twenty years and one month. No one else could have done it as he did. No one else can now do it as he did.*

So, for very sentimental reasons—which overbalance the strong temptation to continue THE PHILISTINE—*I consider it a duty to pay him the tribute of discontinuing with the July issue.*

The Roycrofters, Incorporated, is a band of skilled men and women. For years they have accomplished the work that has invited your admiration. You may expect much of them now. The support they have given me, the confidence they have in me, is as a great mass of power and courage pushing me on to success.

This thought I would impress upon you: It will not be the policy of The Roycrofters to imitate or copy. This place from now on is what we make it. The past is past, the future spreads a golden red against the Eastern sky.

I have the determination to make a Roycroft Shop—that Hubbard, leaning out over the balcony, will look down and say, "Good boy, Bert—good boy!" I have Youth and Strength. I have Courage. My Head is up. Forward —all of us—March!

It's a wise guy who does not
monkey with his destiny
ALI BABA'S MOTTO



Ali Baba

Ali Baba

ALI BABA, *I think, had more to do with my bringing up than did my parents. He joined our family when I was two years old.*

His real name is Anson A. Blackman. When he first came to us I could not say his name: the nearest I could come to it was Ba-ba. I guess my father tacked on the Ali because the Bab really could trace his lineage back to the forty thieves.

At any rate he is just plain Ali Baba of East Aurora, and the Ali Baba of the ARABIAN NIGHTS *has nothing on him.*

ALI BABA *was father's hired man. He did the work around the place; took care of the horses, the cow, chickens, and our garden. Also, he took great care of me, and of my brothers when they came. My mother had faith in him and felt perfectly safe in leaving us kids in his care.*

He had no children of his own, although I remember

his telling of his son, who died when about fifteen. It was a great calamity to Baba, for he was fond of the boy and had wonderful hopes of his being the biggest man in Erie County. So it was but natural that his love and hopes should perhaps divert to me.

I was almost constantly with him, helping do the chores. He gave me the responsibility of gathering the eggs and keeping the record. There was a monotony about getting just so many eggs every day, and I wanted to make some startling records. So I conceived an idea. I would fool 'em. Suddenly the hens began to stop laying, or seemingly so. This lasted several days, but all this time I was storing up about half the day's receipts of the henhouse, in the bottom of the feed-box. In about a week I had saved a bushel-basketful, and one day surprised the bunch by bringing them in and chalking up the record day—three eggs apiece for each eligible hen. I forget now (for memory has a way of losing track of disastrous results) just what happened to me, but my scheme was punctured by the Sherlock insight of Baba. The egg record showed an even production after that.

My early training in business, and my father's ideas of making me an earner, are brought back to me by memories of my childhood that are very

precious to me now. He believed that a boy should know the value of money by having to earn it, or by thinking he earned it (same thing). If I wanted five cents for a tablet I had to carry in some wood and pile it up neatly in the wood-shed. Or I had to help Baba clean up the barn, who would see to it that I was duly paid.

I remember one very clever boyish scheme I worked. Father offered me ten cents each for every rat I should catch in the henhouse, and he furnished me with six steel traps. For several months I did a good business and was collecting bounty regularly. The rats began to get scarce and my income was failing. Now, a few months before this, I had a pair of tame white rats (not members of the order), which one day gnawed their way to freedom. I felt very bad about this, for I had bought them out of the receipts of my rat-catching. But Baba consoled me and helped me in my sorrow. "Just you wait and one of these days I'll put you next to something," said he.

The weeks went by and that "something" held a lure for me. I was still trapping in the henhouse, and one morning on making my rounds of the traps—would you believe it!—there in one of them was a spotted rat. He was part white and part black—looked like Juliet. I quickly finished him and ran to Baba. "Ah, ha,"

says Bab, "did n't I tell you! Business is picking up. Now them spotted rats is crosses between your tame white ones and the regulars. They are a rare thing. You ought to get fifteen cents each for them instead of ten. Better see the boss about it at once."
And I did. Sure he thought they were worth the advance and I got it.

ONE *other instance of my early earning. I had a notion of becoming a milkman. Great was the milkman with his wagon and bottles! So I played I was one. I took my express-wagon and gathered up all the tin cans in the neighborhood. Particularly was I fond of Royal Baking-Powder cans, for they had a cover. They were all neatly arranged on the back porch, much to the discomfort of cook and mother. Then when it rained I would take them all around to my milk-station and fill 'em up. This milk-station happened to be the gutter-pipe from the eaves to the south-side of the house, where it emptied out onto a big flat stone.*
Having filled the cans they must be distributed. Each fence-post around the yard and the corners of the house were customers. Cans were delivered there, and I suppose I forgot sometimes to gather up the empties later.
They did n't look well scattered around, and one day

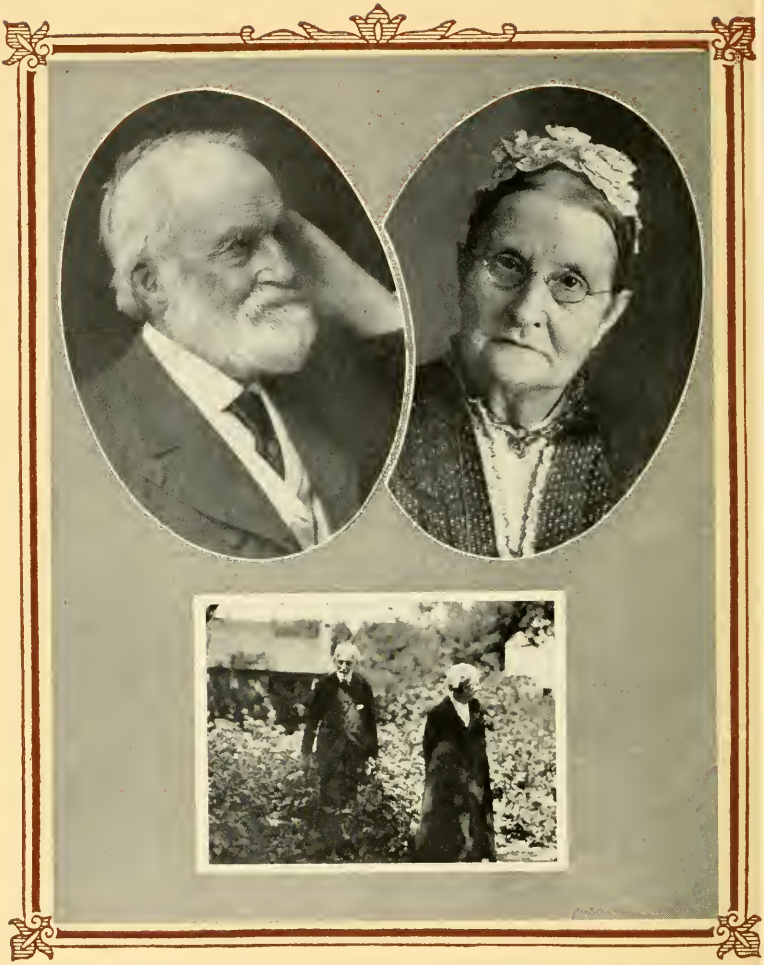
Baba was told to take them all down to the dump. But Baba and I were good friends and he knew how I liked my milk-route. So he says to me, "I'll give you a dollar for them cans." He got 'em! The next pay-day the dollar was charged in Baba's expense-account for the month, and in about a week I had another crop of cans.

SPEAKING *of his expense-account: Baba got forty dollars a month, three square meals and a hand-out every day. Beside this he did some business on the side—sold some eggs occasionally or perhaps a chicken. Then, too, he had to buy things, get the harness mended or pay the freight on a box of Larkin Soap father might ship out from the factory. All these things had to be reckoned up, and so it was that after dinner on each fourth Sunday he would call off the items from his Lydia Pinkham almanac (which served as day-book, ledger and journal). I would set them down in a long column on a piece of manuscript-paper like that the* LITTLE JOURNEYS *were written on. Then these columns had to be added and the difference found. Sometimes the balance was one way and sometimes t' other, but the forty a month always came on last and brought the account in Baba's favor. After that I would take the sheet to my father and he would write out a check for it. Baba always had a roll in his jeans*

big enough to choke an ox, and today owns his little cottage around the corner next to Grandpa Hubbard's. Here he and Mrs. Baba keep house and "reminiss" about the "good old days when Bertie was a boy." In time to come when their story shall be written, the book will tell how they lived happily ever after.

The spirit of love that flows through me, and of which I am a part, is your portion, too. The race is one, and we trace to a common divine ancestry

ELBERT HUBBARD



Grandfather and Grandmother Hubbard

Grandfather & Grandmother Hubbard



In a little flowery cottage, just around the corner from the Roycroft Shops, live Doctor Silas and Julia Frances Hubbard, the father and the mother of Elbert Hubbard.

Silas is ninety-four, and Julia is eighty-six. Both are in full possession of every faculty—they are healthy and strong. The Doctor has his own teeth, an abundance of hair, and reads without glasses. Up to ten years ago he practised his profession—but never on himself.

One day last year, I was called suddenly to the old gentleman's aid by Grandmother. The Doctor had been working all the long afternoon in his garden. The sun was very hot, and the Patriarch had become slightly affected. He lapsed into a semi-conscious state.

We were all worried, and naturally called in a near-by physician. There was really nothing he could do. Soon after he came, Doctor Hubbard recovered.

On looking about the room, he espied the M. D. Immediately Doctor Silas asked him who he was and why he was there. An explanation followed. Thereupon the supposedly weak and worn-out patient launched a discussion on things medical by asking, "Doctor Phelps, are you a Homeopath or an Allopath?"

Doctor Phelps had come to be kind to an ailing old man, but instead he had to meet a vigorous attack on the Profession generally and argue strenuously, with no chance to win.

SILAS HUBBARD *never took any of his own dope, and he states positively he does not intend to begin at ninety-four with another man's dope.*

This grand old man has a strength of character and an independence that are beautiful. To offer him your assistance or make any illusion to his age as being a handicap is always resented.

His garden is the best in East Aurora. He works it himself. Ali Baba is allowed to give advice only. When there are no new potatoes in Doctor Hubbard's garden on the Fourth of July, he considers the season's work a failure. He has been a worker all his life, and will be to his last day.

JULIA FRANCES HUBBARD *is alert, active, keen for discussion on any subject.*

She knew Lincoln. She believed in him and his principles. She has a wonderful memory. She knows every date of importance in American history, and observes them all with genuine sincerity. In her you recognize the true unspoiled spirit of the American pioneer.

Elbert was her only son, and I believe it was the training of his mother and her inspiration that made him reach the height he did. He always confided in her and told her about his business.

He left home early in life to face the world, but the letters he wrote his mother are revelations in love and idealism. She has given me some of them recently, and I see in them an early shaping of the great work he was to do.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-Two, Elbert Hubbard wrote this letter to his mother:

My Dear Mother:

Next to the selection of my parents, I have completed the most important move of my life. In fact, my death can not be a matter of as much importance—or fraught with greater moment. So to you, above all others, I write it first—I have sloughed my commercial skin. That is to say, I have sold out my entire financial interest in the Soap Business. My last share was transferred today and the money is in the bank to my credit. Why have I gone and done this thing? Because, Dear Mother, I have all the money I want and there is a better use I can make of my time.

That excellent man, S. Hubbard, M. D. and myself are probably the only men in the whole U. S. who have all the money they desire.

The next question is: What do I propose to do? I am going to Harvard College, and it is my intention to take a full four years' course. I also hope to spend a year in some University in Germany as well.

John and Frank look upon my plans as a mild form of insanity, but I am at peace with them and all the world besides. I have not paddled away from a sinking ship; the business here was never more prosperous.

I have concluded that he who would excel in the realm of thought must not tarry in the domain of dollars. Another thing, I believe that he who would live long and well must live like a poor man, no matter what his income is. We must be warmed and fed, of course, but we must wait on ourselves and work with our hands a certain number of hours each day.

Many men want to lay up enough money to give their children a start. Money will do it all right, but it is on the down grade. If my boys can not get along without my financial aid, they can't with it.

I wish you and Father would both write me giving your blessing to my new arrangement.

With much love, as ever,

E. H.

WHEN *Elbert Hubbard was lost with the* LUSITANIA, *the news was withheld from Grandmother Hubbard for several days. Long before we told her that there was no hope, she seemed to know. Her boy had perished and his body lay at the bottom of the sea; she felt it. Never again would he make her his daily visit; never again would he stop in for a moment when returning*

from his horesback-ride. Her silent grief was indescribable.

But with a philosophy and a strength almost beyond comprehension, she bore her burden.

Today she will greet you with assurance and a smile. She will talk with you of the great loss with dry eyes. She will reason with you as to why the LUSITANIA *sank so quickly. She will discuss Hubbard's works, and no mother ever was more proud of her boy.*

To her his fame was only the outcome of her hopes, her dreams. Only he had far outreached them all.

In her I see all the characteristics of his genius; that nervous desire for knowledge—a most extraordinary energy—a high moral sense—a genuine regard for the rights of others—a firmness of purpose and a determination to do the thing regardless. There, too, is the kindliest heart—the sweetest disposition—

a love for peace. Surely can it be said, she is a great mother of a great man.

Men are great only as they are kind
ELBERT HUBBARD

Grandfather Hubbard



ILAS HUBBARD, *father of Elbert Hubbard, had just passed his ninety-sixth birthday when, on May 18th, last, death came peacefully to close his career. In full possession of all his faculties, he had been ready to go for two years. His hope and desire were to die on his birthday, and a year ago, when his ninety-fifth year closed and life was strong in him, he was disappointed. But another birthday would come and he could wait. For him death held no fears. He had lived his life and performed its duties. The world is better for his having lived.*

HIS *early life was spent in Buffalo, N. Y., and vicinity. It always seemed singular to me that as a boy he used to attend school at the Aurora Academy at East Aurora. Not that there was anything about this that was very unusual (although the school was a better one than any in Buffalo), but that East Aurora must have had more than a transient interest*

in the Hubbards. It was not for any sentimental reasons that his son Elbert in later years selected this village as his home. It just happened.

Silas had in him that something which forces some men to acquire knowledge under difficulties. Perhaps it was the pioneer spirit. He would walk from Buffalo to East Aurora on Sunday afternoon (about twenty miles), so as to be on hand for school Monday morning. Then Friday he would walk back to the city.

While working for a doctor as chore-boy he learned enough about medicine to instil in him a desire to become a doctor. The difficulty of getting a schooling, and a degree, and later on a practice, are periods in his life just like those of any other struggling young man intent on growing.

He ultimately became a country doctor in Hudson, McLean County, Illinois. Here he practised for forty-five years, helping many new lives into the world and prolonging many more—doubtless assisting a few to make a quick trip over the border, as happens occasionally with the best-intentioned doctors.

He was easy-going; never would force his patients to pay; often accepted a fee in vegetables or other commodities of small value; never was harassed by the demands of a big business; but always had time to

devote to the interests of the community, and to his friends. He was a man of even temper, with a strong will and a kindly heart; never worried, never hated, carried no grouch, loved his family; studied philosophy, astronomy, botany, made his own medicines from herbs, wrote articles for the medical journals, had no desire to become rich. Was a deacon in the Baptist church and a Christian in the fullest sense of the term. Being a doctor, he took no medicine. His optimism was supreme, and he believed religiously in the theory that right will prevail and that a wrong will right itself—given time. He gave much to the world, lived his life in peace—and passed on with gratitude in his heart for all he had received.

There was always a bond of close friendship between the Doctor and Elbert. The old man familiarly called his son just plain "Hubbard."

He maintained his own ideas about life and often seriously objected to the more radical arguments of Elbert. They would discuss vital subjects with much earnestness, and there is no doubt that the Doctor and his simple, well-defined philosophies had a deal to do with instilling in Elbert a fundamental sincerity in his efforts.

Until recent years the Doctor said he would live to be a hundred, but in any event would surely outlive "Hub-

bard." How he knew I can't say, but barring the unforeseen—I doubt if Elbert Hubbard would have lived to the age his father did. There was a vast difference in temperament. Elbert had nerves, and I am told that " nerves " tend to tear down, and the more you have the quicker your system burns out. Besides, the times were more strenuous, and Elbert busied himself with world problems and business. He had a mission in life that took an everlasting stream of vital energy and force. In many ways he was superhuman and in advance of the times. He said there were only two respectable ways to die: of old age or accident.

The mark he made upon his time will last. His efforts will be remembered and perpetuated. Down the centuries people will read his Little Journeys *along with* Plutarch's Lives.

East Aurora will become better known. The Roycroft Shops and their industries will continue to remind the world that their founder builded better than he knew.

The Roycrofters of today are building for the future; they are carrying no burden of sorrow; they bear no malice for deeds of insanity; they realize the strenuous conditions of the times, and are putting their shoulders to the wheel in their own small way; they have accepted their loss in this world tragedy, and they know that out

of this struggle will come a peace and prosperity such as has never been known. They are going to be here to add to it and to partake of its joys. The strong character and morals of Silas Hubbard and the beautiful simplicity of his life will long be as a lodestar to them. Beside being "Physician to the Roycrofters" and furnishing cough syrup and sarsaparilla, he gave counsel and advice, without extra charge. He preached moderation, temperance, and kindness.

Right up to the last when we laid him to rest in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Buffalo, his presence was always refreshing.

We are grateful to you Silas Hubbard for your example of a life of usefulness.



The Little Journeys Camp

The Little Journeys Camp

IT *was not built with the idea of ever becoming a place in history; simply a boy's cabin in the woods.*
Fibe, Rich, Pie and Butch were the bunch that built it.
Fibe was short for Fiber, and we gave him that name because his real name was Wood. Rich got his name from being a mudsock. Pie got his because he was a regular pieface. And they called me Butch for no reason at all except that perhaps my great-great-grandfather was a butcher.
We were a fine gang of youngsters, all about thirteen years, wise in boys' deviltry. What we did n't know about killing cats, breaking window-panes in barns, stealing coal from freight-cars, and borrowing eggs from neighboring hencoops without consent of the hens, was n't worth the knowing.

THERE *used to be another boy in the gang, Skinny. One day when we ran away to the swimming-hole after school, this other little fellow did n't come*

back with us. You see, there was the little-kids' swimmin'-hole and the big-kids' swimmin'-hole. The latter was over our heads. Well, Skinny swung out on the rope hanging from the cottonwood tree on the bank of the big-kids' hole. Somehow he lost his head and fell in. None of us could swim, and he was too far out to reach. There was nothing to help him with, so we just had to watch him struggle till he had gone down three times. And there where we last saw him a lot of bubbles came up.

The inquiry before the Justice of Peace with our fathers, which followed, put fright in our bones, and the sight of the old creek was a nightmare for months to come.

AFTER *that we decided to keep to the hills and woods. This necessitated a hut. But we had no lumber with which to build it.*

However, there were three houses going up in town—and surely they could spare a few boards. So after dark we got out old Juliet and the spring-wagon and made several visits to the new houses. The result was that in about a week we had enough lumber to frame the cabin. Our site was about three miles from town, high up on the Adams' Farm. After many evening trips with the old mare and much figuring we had the thing done; all

but the windows, door, and shingles on the roof. Well, I knew where there was an old door and two window-sash taken off our chicken-house to let in the air during Summer. And one rainy night three bunches of shingles found their way from Perkins' lumber yard to the foot of the hill on the Adams' farm.

In another five days the place was finished. It was ten by sixteen, and had four bunks, two windows, a paneled front door, a back entrance and a porch—altogether a rather pretentious camp for a gang of young ruffians.

But it was a labor of love, and we certainly had worked mighty hard. Our love was given particularly to the three house-builders and to Perkins, down in town.

OF *course we had to have a stove.*

This we got from Bowen's hardware-store for two dollars and forty cents. He wanted four dollars, and we argued for some time. The stove was a secondhand one and good only for scrap-iron anyway. Scrap was worth fifty cents a hundred, and this stove weighed only two hundred fifty, so we convinced the man our offer was big. At that we made him throw in a frying-pan. For dishes and cutlery, I believe each of our mothers' pantries contributed. Then a stock of grub was confiscated. The storeroom in the Phalansterie furnished

Heinz beans, chutney, and a few others of the fifty-seven. John had run an ad in The Philistine *for Heinz and taken good stuff in exchange.*
For four years after that, this old camp was kept stocked with eats all the time. We would hike out Friday after school and stay till Sunday night. At Christmas-time we would spend the week's vacation there.

Many times had I tried to get my Father to go out and stay overnight. But he would n't go. One time, though, I did not come home when I had promised, so Father rode out on Garnett to find me. Instead of my coming back with him he just unsaddled and turned Garnett loose in the woods and stayed overnight.
We gave him the big bunk with two red quilts, and he stuck it out. Next morning we had fried apples, ham and coffee for breakfast.
What there was about it I did not understand but John was a very frequent visitor after that.
You know we called Father, John, because he said that was n't his name.
He used to come up in the evening and would bring the Red One or Sammy the Artist or Saint Jerome the Sculptor. Once he brought Michael Monahan and John Sayles, the Universalist preacher. Mike did n't like it.

The field-mice running on the rafters overhead at night chilled his blood. He called them terrible beasts.

FROM *then on we youngsters were gradually deprived of our freedom at camp. These visitors were too numerous for us and we had to seek other fields of adventure.*

John got to going out to the Camp to get away from visitors at the Shop. He found the place quiet and comforting. The woods gave him freedom to think and write. It so developed that he would spend about four days a month there, writing the LITTLE JOURNEYS *for the next month. How many of his masterpieces were written at the Camp I can not say, but for several years it was his Retreat and he used it constantly. He reminded us boys several times when we kicked, that he had a good claim on it—for did n't he furnish the door and the window-frames? I never suspected he would recognize them.*

No man can have melancholia who loves a horse and is understood by one. A horse helps you to "forget it"

ELBERT HUBBARD

Juliet

THURSDAY, *September Seventeenth, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, we put to rest our Juliet. She was only thirty-three years old—just exactly my age. She had been one of the family for twenty-seven years.*

I remember as if it were but yesterday when she came to live with us.

At the time I was six years old, and was in Bloomington, Illinois, with my Mother and baby brother, visiting my Grandmother. One day a letter came for me from my father:

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1888

My dear boy Bertie:—

I went out to the Stockyards, t'other day, where I knowed there was an awful nice pony just like Queenie, only black and white all over in spots. It was awful gentle, just like Queenie, and the man who had it brought it from the Indian Territory, of an Indian who had five little boys, two of 'em bigger nor you, two 'bout your size, and one 'bout the size of Ralph. The Injun called the pony "Quin-quo-manen-soo-wang," but I have named her "Juliet," 'cause when your Mamma would go to the backdoor and call to

Baba to hitch "Quin-quo-manen-soo-wang" to the phaeton, the Baba would be gone to milk before she could pronounce the name, and she would always have to wait until the day after before she could ride.

Good-by, Bertie Hubbard, for this time.

From your papa, old Mr. E. G. Hubbard.

WELL, *when I got home it did n't take long to get acquainted with Juliet. She was the prettiest pony I had ever seen. To look at her head you knew she was gentle and kind and liked little boys. Father had another spotted horse then, called "Jessika," which was a name something like Mojeska, the name of a washing-powder made by the Larkin Soap Company. I never figured out whether it was the horse or the washing-powder that was named first, but they certainly had traits in common. Both would bite. One was mean-tempered—and the other had lots of sand in it, too. Father used to ride Jessika and would lead Juliet with a long strap while I rode her. But I soon learned to handle her, and it was n't long before I could go without the strap.*

Every Sunday he and I would go for long rides. Sometimes Harry Johnson or Will Harris would go. Or, perhaps, if there were n't too many sick people to look after, Doctor Mitchell would go on Old Molly.

One Sunday, I remember, Father, the Doctor and I

started out. Juliet had not been out of the barn for three days, and she sure felt her oats. She never was mean or ugly, but she had lots of life, and in three days she had stored up a big surplus. I held her in, for the instant she got her head she wanted to buck and run. Perhaps I was a bit frightened, for I would not let her go. Father and doctor got a good half-mile ahead. They waited at the foot of Link's hill till I came up. Father evidently had it in for the two of us all right, for just as we got abreast of him, I saw he had his sombrero rolled up ready, and before we could get out of his way, down came the roll of hat on Juliet, just back of the saddle. She jumped and ran, and at every jump she got another whack on her butt. We reached the top of the hill, and I thought we had had enough. No—on we went, the telegraph poles jumping by, rolling and hanging on for dear life, and back of us coming Jessika and Molly. Finally I turned to look back, intending to plead for rest, Juliet and I were alone. She seemed to know it, too, for she came to a walk at once.

When I went to the barn one morning, Baba met me at the door and cautioned me to be quiet. If I would, he promised to show me something. I was led to the box stall, the spare room of the stable, and allowed to peek in. Juliet was there, but not alone. Lying in the straw beside her was the whitest little colt you ever saw. Pure

white—not a spot of black! The skin of its little nose was pink, and its eyes were pink, too. Can you imagine my joy?

Well, not long after that, Jessika had a pink-skinned baby, with pure-white hair and no spots. The sire of these colts was Adam Forepaugh, a big brown-and-white showhorse owned by Charlie Miller, the transfer man of Buffalo. These albino colts were the talk of the horse world. How they happened nobody knew, but there they were.

Father trained them himself. He used first to lead them as he rode the mother. Then they were taught to drive with bridle and reins, going ahead tandem style. When they got used to being driven that way, they were hitched to a two-wheeled cart, sometimes side by side and at other times in tandem.

When they were quite young, Baba took them with their mothers to the Hamburg Fair, twelve miles across country. I was permitted to go along to help take care of them. At the Fair Grounds the judges awarded us a big blue ribbon with a bow for each, and printed on it in gold letters were the words, FIRST PRIZE. My pride was at its height when I stood in the show-stall with Juliet and her baby, brushing and stroking them while the crowd of yaps and jays rubbered.

The Fair lasted five days, and Baba and I slept in a

box stall next to the horses. They might need attention in the night.

In the evening after the crowds had all gone, other horsemen would come to our stall, and sit around in a circle on the straw and tell stories. They had a big bottle of horse-liniment (yes, that's what it was, 'cause Baba told me so) which they would pass around the circle at stated intervals, each man rubbing some in his hair for luck (?) I remember how they broke the neck off the bottle, for no one had a corkscrew. They were a noisy bunch and kept me awake. Baba said it was good training for me, but Mother did n't agree with him. She said it was bad company for a boy and I had learned too many cuss-words. But the Bab insisted that that was necessary to a man's education.

One day P. T. Barnum came along and offered father a big price for the white colts. I suppose it was a lot of money, for he got them.

Juliet and I hauled the mail for several years, but that was long, long ago. For the last four years Juliet has been on half-time and full rations. She was queen of the stable, and even in her old age could show the younger ones how to buck under a saddle. She helped Herman make garden, and ate what she wanted from it. This last Summer Juliet has had one continuous vacation, with Garnett, Getaway and Babe. They have

roamed the pasture and enjoyed the woods—eighty acres. This has been for them a Summer of peace and tranquillity, with nothing to disturb them save the bites of bluebottles. If there is a pony heaven, Juliet is there. She lived a useful life and did her work.

One great, unselfish soul in every community would actually redeem the world

ELBERT HUBBARD



Loch Katrine and the head of the Trossachs, Scotland
Along the road to Stirling
On hike through The Trossachs
Resting where peace and rest are paramount, near Callander

A Trip to Europe With Elbert Hubbard



BELIEVE *it was Emerson who said, "If you go to Europe and bring back much it is because you took much with you."*

So, exactly what a boy of thirteen would bring back from Europe might easily be guessed.

In the ninth grade at school, and not having had any old-world history or literature, it would seem almost as if the expenses of a European trip would hardly be warranted.

Yet if the boy might have as his one companion on such a trip, Elbert Hubbard, then would the value to him be different.

Such was my lucky experience in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six. And today, as I am looking over the "log" we kept, I recall two months of happiness and joy that loom up out of memory like a ship in the fog. We traveled cheaply, but well. The STATE OF NEBRASKA

(*Allan Line*) *was not the finest boat, but her first-class cabin was good. The year before, my father had gone over on a fast boat, second cabin, and came back on a sailing vessel, six weeks at sea, landing somewhere on the Maine Coast instead of at Boston. And in confidence he told me that "first-class" on any boat was bad enough. I could easily understand this the first night at sea. The smell of cooking, steam, a stuffy cabin and fresh strawberries for supper did it. But never mind, I got sea-legs the next day, and later was able to stand clear forward on the upper deck during a storm. The old ship would rise up on the crest of a big wave, then suddenly seem to dive down and down into the next one, plunging through it with her lower decks all awash. I can recall how few passengers there seemed to be on these occasions.*

WE *landed at Glasgow on June Tenth, and sailed for home from Liverpool on July Second. But in those twenty-two days we walked nearly all the way from Glasgow, through the Trossachs, and the Lake Region of Scotland, to Edinburgh: then down through England to London: six days in London; four in crossing the English Channel to Antwerp and Brussels; back to London again, and then across country to Liverpool. This trip was essentially for the purpose of visiting*

the homes of great men, about whom LITTLE JOURNEYS *were to be written.*

Little did I realize the wonderful opportunity that was mine. But now as I read from my "log" the impressions my boyish mind got I am convinced of it. After we had spent a day at Hammersmith among the shops of William Morris, I wrote in the book only this: "Tuesday, June 30, 1896. Went first to the home of William Morris. Met Mr. Cocherall and Mrs. Peddie, his assistant, who showed us around the shops and introduced us to Douglas Cocherall, a nobleman bookbinder. Mr. Cocherall showed us a big book called CHAUCER *that they were publishing at twenty guineas a copy. All that for one book with wooden covers! Mr. Morris is sick in bed and we could not see him."*

The ideals of Morris, which were the inspiration of the Roycroft Shops at East Aurora, escaped me.

The visit to the Battlefield of Waterloo left this impression: "On the top of the mound is a large lion cast from the cannons captured by the English. There is a stairway to the top—226 steps, 'cause I counted them. When the French marched to Antwerp in 1833 they broke off the tail of the lion just for fun. From the top of the mound we could see the small valley where Napoleon's army jammed and formed a bridge across of horses and men."

SOME *of the events of our trip are recorded in my log in Father's handwriting.*
On June Nineteenth he wrote: ("Forty years old this day, God help us!")
"Took steamer on Thames at London Bridge for Chelsea. Got off at Battersea Park and watched boys play cricket. Walked across bridge to Chelsea. Saw monument of Carlyle at foot of Cheyne Row. Visited Carlyle's old home, and spent an hour most pleasantly. The caretaker, a worthy widow, gave us some leaves from vines that Carlyle had planted. 'Only Americans care now for Carlyle,' the old lady told us; 'soon we will all be forgot.' The old girl has rheumatism and thinks the house is haunted. Surely it is. The wind whistled down the chimney gruesomely. As my footfalls echoed through the silent chambers I thought I heard a sepulchral voice say: 'Thy future life! Thy fate is it, indeed. Whilst thou makest that thy chief question, thy life to me and to thyself and to thy God is worthless.' The wind still howled. She locked the door and we came away."

THE *day after that we heard Joseph Parker speak at the City Temple in London. Visited Saint Paul's Cathedral and the National Gallery. Saw the great collection of Turner's famous paintings and sketches.*

Arranged with a photographer to make reproductions of some of these for use in the LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF TURNER.

Our visit to Israel Zangwill stands out in my memory clearly. What my own thoughts were then I can not quote now, for Father recorded the visit thus:

"Sunday, June 28. Awakened by the clanging of bells of Saint Pancras Church across the way. Bath, breakfast, and took bus and tram out to Oxford Road. At No. 24 were ushered in and card sent up to Mr. Zangwill. The house is old and the furniture old and musty. All is dark and dingy. Six pictures, all of Zangwill, were spread around. Was shown up to Zangwill's study and received by the homeliest man I ever saw, very cordially. He is a "littery" man of first quality. His voice is low and manner very gentle. His breakfast was brought in on a tray while we were there, and he apologizing began to nibble crackers, sip tea, and pick gingerly at a herring. Not a square meal, I should say. His dress was dowdy, his cuffs showing a goodly amount of undershirt, which he tucked away from time to time; linen so-so, and would have appeared better if shaved and interviewed with a toothbrush. Asked him if he had any manuscript to offer for publication. Said he had a play called, THE REVOLTED DAUGHTER, *that no actor will put on. Z—— says it is too good for them,*

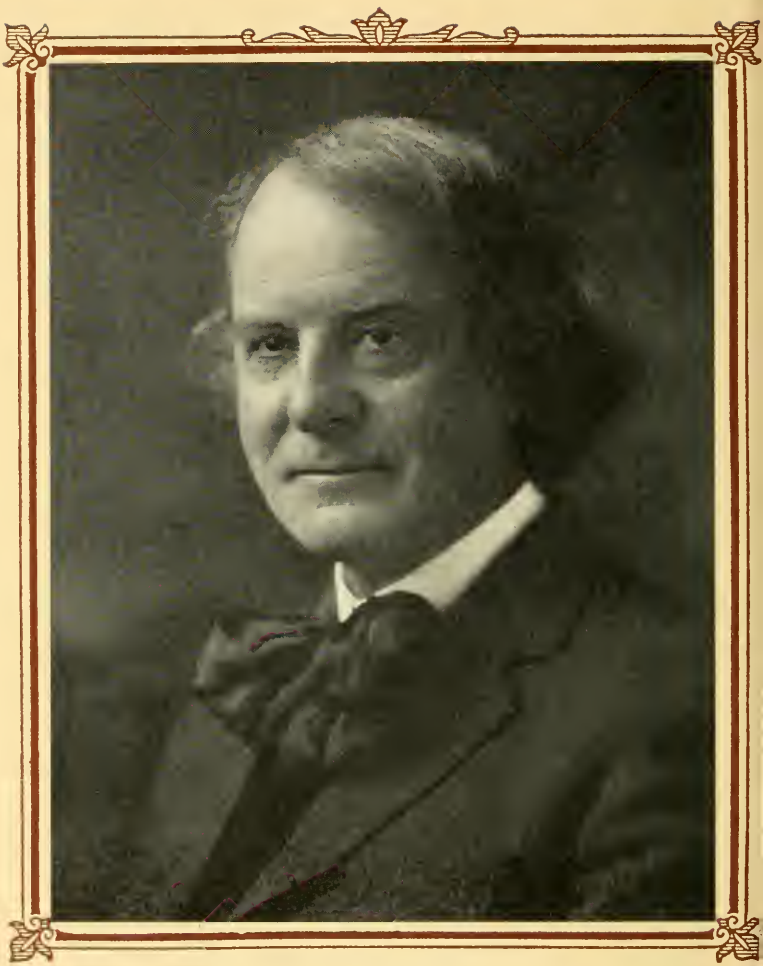
and that we underestimate the ability of the public to comprehend advanced truth. 'You think I will not understand you if I express my best, and I think the same of you, and thus we deceive each other and ourselves.' Z—— said if the Roycroft Shop would pay him a hundred pounds we could have the right to print the play. Hardly think it will pay us to pay five hundred dollars for the privilege, although no doubt the prestige would be worth while."

On the following day we visited the home of the Reverend Doctor Joseph Parker. I wrote this about it: "Very fine house and many pictures. In one room were sixteen of Henry Ward Beecher. Had a bulldog an American lady gave him because it looked like him. His wife looked very much like Ellen Terry, whom we saw in Edinburgh. Showed us a scrapbook in which were some checks he never cashed, but had written across them, 'Pay to the bank of love.' Funny man not to cash his checks."

There were many other places of great interest we visited: Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott; Melrose Abbey; the British Museum. We climbed to the top of Ben Lomond, took a swim in Loch Lomond, —water so cold and clear I drank it as I swam.

I think of this whole trip as the biggest thing in my life. To travel with Elbert Hubbard was to have a wonderful

time. His interest in the big people of the country, and his ability to pick the interesting places as we went along, surely made him a companion that a youngster must learn much from. And I did. But I was a boy of tender years and must have gotten tired of art-galleries, museums, battlefields, and homes of great people, for here is what I wrote for the last day of the trip: "July 14, 1896. Arrived in Buffalo, at 6 a.m. Had breakfast at McLeod's. Reached East Aurora at 9:30. Home safe and sound and happy. Oh, Gee! Gone seven weeks and had enuf of it."



Elbert Hubbard

Elbert Hubbard—Worker

How does he find time to do all his work? I never could quite comprehend, myself. But I was often asked the question. However, I think I know. So would you if you had had an opportunity to analyze a day or a week of his time, and to couple up all the various little ways and methods he had for making every minute count. And he did it every day, every week, all the time, consistently.

It is so easy to be inert, to stop the action of our minds. Ten hours a day for six days a week is about the limit a man can work at physical labor. Eight hours seems to be the day of a brain-worker. What is done with the other hours of the twenty-four? Six to eight in sleep, and the rest at pastime, pleasure, eating, exercising. All right. But Elbert Hubbard did n't follow customs most men do. We waste our time, the most valuable thing there is. He had no waste moments, strange as it may seem. This was because he first had a very active brain—which knew no rest except in sleep. And because

he very systematically cared for his body, his sleep gave him rest. I believe he averaged nine hours' sleep out of every twenty-four.

But because I say he did not waste a moment, I do not mean that he would forego his exercise, his pastime or eating. His pleasure was a constant thing with him. He got it out of his very existence, and he did not seek to be happy or amused. He carried his own good time with him. Seldom did he go to a theater—unless he was to be the star performer. Yet he knew the stage and all its people.

In the last few years of his life he had attained the height of his power to work. From his boyhood up he constantly developed through discarding follies and useless endeavor, a habit of making every effort one of production. He made his play a part of his work always. He knew, better than most men, that consistent exercise in small quantities is the proper way to keep a body in fit condition, and that only with a healthy, active body could he keep his mind in like condition. He did not use tobacco, strong drink, or the pasteboards. "I put no enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains."

Exercise in the open air was his only medicine. His father was a doctor, but the old man never practised on

his children. What a beautiful contempt he had for the medical profession!

Gilbert Hubbard's business was the creation of ideas and "putting salt on their tails." They came to him out of the air, and his faculty of grabbing them when they came and holding them is probably the answer to the question, "How does he find time to do all his work?"

He had a way of calling four or five of us from our desks at any old time during the day, to go out on the lawn and pass the ball. This gave him a change, a rest and a chance to exercise. Incidentally, it did us all good. But while we played, his mind kept working. Suddenly he would say: "Keep it going, boys—I'll be back in a minute. I got an idea." We always laughed, for we knew he wouldn't be back. Perhaps you remember his article, "Why I Ride Horseback?" It throws a sidelight on him I may fail to focus.

I have seen him very often stop his horse by the roadside and pull out a pad and pencil, write down the idea and go on. Or while attending a lecture he would write on the back of an envelope or anything that was handy. But the more dramatic habit of getting out of bed in the night to record a sleepy inspiration was not his. Visions and dreams he would hold till morning

when the daylight would clarify them. He burned no midnight oil.

Because he was such a worker himself, his very presence among the Shops was an inspiration to us all. His personality seemed to permeate the atmosphere. Everybody worked. It was always a real joy to me to be of help to him.

To look back over the past twenty years and sum up the work he has done and the results accomplished seems to make the query as to how he did it a most natural one. For fourteen years straight without a break, he wrote one LITTLE JOURNEY *a month, and was always a month ahead of the printer. Each one required a vast amount of study and reading. He wrote nearly every bit of each issue of* THE PHILISTINE. *He averaged seventy-five lectures a year. Besides, he did much writing for other magazines, newspapers, and advertising propositions. And all this time he managed and built up the Roycroft Shops. Work was his hobby, his pleasure. He worked while he played and he played while he worked. A holiday was like any other day. All days were holidays. Sundays were as beautiful as Mondays. "Remember the weekday to keep it holy." He believed that work was the greatest blessing of mankind, and he proved it.*

One of his theories was that to start a new year by laying off meant a wrong start. Hence in the Roycroft Shops we always started right by working on New Year's Day.

But after all, I think he did no more work than any other man can do who is willing to apply himself to his job as he did. I believe there was one quality in him that enabled him to do his work, more than any other. It was his power of concentration. With his wonderful memory and absorbing qualities of mind, coupled with an earnestness of purpose, and a sane idea of living—so that no hours or days were lost through disability—he did his work and passed on.

"And I know: That I live in a world where nothing is permanent but change: That the work I now do will in degree influence people who may live after my life has changed into other forms. And that the regard which life holds out for work is not idleness, nor rest, nor immunity from work, but increased capacity, greater difficulties, more work."

Keep an even temper, no matter what happens

ELBERT HUBBARD

The Sterner Side of Elbert Hubbard

GENEROUS, *forgiving, kindly in his everyday life, there were times when a very stern side of his nature would show itself.*

To know him as thousands did—by a handshake, a smile and a look of approval from his big eyes, a bit of pleasantry or a cheery letter—meant simply to see only one side. This side is what made for him a world of personal friends, who took his passing as an individual loss.

But allowing that his smile and words spread more cheer in the world than most men have equaled, it must be admitted that there was the other in his make-up. I don't mean an unjust nature—but the stern, fighting quality. Any man who could think as he did and write such pointed, fearless attacks on shams, humbugs, hypocrisy, and all things wrong as he saw them, surely had some kick and punch in his make-up.

In my childhood, I at once had a most profound love for him together with a sort of fear that made me respect his word or wish without back talk. He always thought clearly and made his decisions quickly.

Very seldom was there a change of verdict. And I knew it. To argue the case was usually disastrous. It was yes or no!

But as I look back over the years, there are only a very few instances of his showing extreme severity that I can remember. Perhaps it is because I was such a good boy!

Twice only did he resort to extremes with me. Once it was calmly done, without anger, but entirely for my own good—as I was told. My Dear Mother had been annoyed for some time by my going away to play without her permission.

I think I was about ten years old. It was after supper, and I had gone out to take a ride on my three-wheeled "bike." I was barefooted and wore knee-pants. When I came home I heard Father whistle from out in the chickenyard. Looking over there, I beheld him standing beside a peach-tree trimming up a nice sprout about four feet long. Have you ever noticed how nice and straight peach-tree sprouts grow? I never did before

that, but I always have since. Gee, how I wished I had put on my shoes and stockings! That little switch did n't do a thing but put rings on my legs, and they would n't come off in a hurry, either.

ANOTHER *time (also barefooted) I was treated to a genuine trimming with a horsewhip. My offense was not in proportion to the beating, but Dad was mad. His day at the soap-factory had been a bad one, and he was much off-key when he came home. Just because I had blown the insides out of eight fancy duck-eggs and half a setting of high-priced bantam-eggs, to add the shells to my birds'-egg collection, never seemed sufficient excuse for what I got. But that anger stored up at the factory had to get out in some way or other.*
Like all boys I had thought I would some day run away from home. Here was my excuse! But then I thought of what I would do at night.
Mother would n't be there. I was wavering. Mother took my part. Besides in two days Dad brought me out a regular two-wheeled bicycle. And thus was a crisis averted. I might possibly be an admiral in the navy now—who knows?

THOSE *are the only times he ever whipped me, although I have had all that was coming to me, in other sorts of punishment. He was a severe task-*

master and at times very unreasonable. Often, though, like most men, he gave the fellow who did n't deserve it, the other fellow's call. I wonder if I got mine because I was easiest to get at! Men scold their wives and children more than any one else, and Elbert Hubbard was first and last a very human sort of man. He was a successful business man and the big bunch of people on his payroll sometimes had to be shaken up by their heels. Sometimes it would be a deliberate plan of action, and other times a result of some particular disturbing element that would start him on a tour of the whole shops. The word would fly ahead: "John's on the warpath — look out!" So when he reached the Bindery the paper would be picked up off the floor, unnecessary lights turned off, and every binder bent over his bench. ¶ *If the Printshop happened to be first on the visiting-list, there were usually a couple of fire-pails needed filling, dirt on the stairs, a press left with ink on the rollers when not in use, and perhaps a bunch of boys chewing the rag and fine-cut over in a corner. Each of these little things got corrected at once—excuses did n't go. Once, when I was feeding press, I talked back when being called down. Next day, Father took me off the press and sent me to the garden to pull weeds for just one week. I could come back at the end of that time if I was sure I could do as I was told!*

ALBERT HUBBARD *was withal a man very easy to approach. You always had a chance to state your case if you attempted it when conditions were right. He would always listen to you—give you an hour if necessary. But you never could convince him if your basis was wrong. He was quick to see weakness because of his own strength. On account of his generous nature and the ease with which people could get at him, he was many times taken advantage of, stung, held up and trimmed. But let him realize he was being imposed on or his pocket touched, and you never saw a prettier fight. Once the scrap was on, he would go the limit. Lawsuits were only determined by the court of last resort.*

Beat him to it though, and you found a game loser. He would come across quick, square up, smile and forget it. He never whined, beefed or crawled.

I never knew him to apologize but once, just to prove the exception. Sometimes an apology would have been quite in order. Instead he would bestow some kindness on the sufferer next day. He lived his motto, "Explanations do not explain." But the severe side of his nature was about one to ten of the other. It was necessary, though, to the make-up of such a man as he was. I have had to search my memory very thoroughly for enough matter to cover this particular characteristic

in Elbert Hubbard. For constantly in my mind flashes the generous, kindly and forgiving nature that made him a boy with his boys.

Elbert Hubbard's Economics



RECENTLY *got a letter from a* FRA *reader saying: "Cancel my subscription! I can't read your articles because while you profess reverence for a great and good man, your Father, you call attention to the stern side of him by telling of things he did which were severe. What if he was unreasonable at times?"*

The intent of my articles has been to throw side-lights on the character of a man who, take him all in all, was very human. I have not endeavored to idealize him or surround him with a halo.

One so versatile and many-sided as Elbert Hubbard must needs have been a man of many moods and striking characteristics. I have not tried to portray only the side which reflects the great and sublime. It has been my desire to give a close-up, intimate impression of him in his daily life that his readers and admirers otherwise would not get.

Webster defines a genius as: "A man endowed with

uncommon vigor of mind. A man of superior intellectual faculties."

To have read Elbert Hubbard's writings very naturally prompts the expression from his reader, "What a genius!"

But how natural, too, it is from a distance to imagine that the man was superhuman. Surely I would not underestimate him or try to impress the thought upon you that he was less than a superman. Just the reverse. But having in my mind's eye the picture of him as a man who ate and slept and walked through the daily routine of life, meeting its problems with the same measure of the commonplace as you and I, it seems to me that I owe no one an apology for treating my subject with a freedom such as comes only from intimate association.

MOST *men of greatness have been called eccentric. Undoubtedly their eccentricities have been largely the reason for their greatness. The same energy that enables a man to reach a sublime height of thought or a pinnacle of fame and success, also makes him, under certain conditions, concentrate his forces upon trivial things with extreme care. As an example: I have known Elbert Hubbard to spend a hundred dollars making a sheep-pasture on the Roycroft lawns—the purpose*

being, of course, to beautify the landscape and provide scenery for Alex Fournier to put on canvas in the twilight of a summer day. You can easily imagine the damage a dozen sheep would do to a perfect lawn. Yet a few days before, when the sod was soft and some Roycroft boys punched holes in it with their heels during a little football practice, there appeared on the bulletin a classic notice suggesting dire things if repeated.

The comparative damage done by the boys was not noticeable to what the sheep did.

Consistent economy is impossible except as a science, and then only when applied by machinery.

We are lavish with our money or our praise on the one hand, and ultra-economic on the other. It just depends. Usually the latter is under the guise of endeavor to stop a leak or fill a rat-hole.

THAT *reminds me of when I was engineer in the Printshop. We had one of those little up-and-down boilers. I had blown off the water the night before, and when I had fired up in the morning I forgot to put in fresh water. Seven o'clock came, but no steam. Suddenly I found the reason and beat it out the back way, fearing an explosion. But I remembered that boilers don't blow up without water in them. So I went back*

and after pulling the fire and letting her cool off, put in water and fired up again.

The first fire, without water in the old kettle, had sprung the flues,—and my how they leaked! It was next to impossible to keep the fire going. Something must be done, and quickly! There were six pressmen waiting and the PHIL *was late anyway. "John" had been away on a lecture-tour, and did n't get his copy in. Right there I thought of how Ali Baba had stopped the cistern's leaking by putting bran in the water. You see, the bran stuck in the cracks and swelled up. Why not try it in the boiler! I rushed to the barn, got a quart of bran and mixed in some cornmeal for a binder. Then I took out the safety-valve and proceeded to stuff the perfectly good grain into the boiler.*

Just then my Father came to the pressroom and took in the situation. My recollection of all that happened and all he said is blurred. Only one particular thing stands out. He had on an economical streak that morning. The idea of using valuable horsefeed to plug a leaky boiler! I tried to explain that I knew of nothing cheaper. Well, he did! And presently he brought me a bushel-basketful of stable debris.

The leaks were temporarily plugged up, and the bran and cornmeal went back to the feed-bin.

How that old boiler did foam! I did n't know whether it had much or little water in it. But every little while I would shoot some in for luck. That was before the days of Safety First. Just why the thing did n't explode I don't know. The same kind Providence that looks after the kids and the fools probably was on my side. We saved the bran and cornmeal though, even if the boiler did foam over into the engine and stop it a dozen times that day. I imagine that economy of that sort is an inbred proposition. The spending of money in chunks is an acquired habit or ability—that is, with a man who begins life poor and is obliged to conserve. It is easier for him to save than to spend. Elbert Hubbard was a good businessman. He knew how to save money, how to make it and how to spend it. He was conservative and he was extravagant—at times—just as we all are. He went to the utmost extremes. This—because he was a genius and therefore eccentric. Everything, though, at the last is only relative. One can be unheard of by doing nothing and saying nothing.



Mrs. Burt Hubbard and Three Daughters

Elbert Hubbard and the Kiddies



KNEW *Elbert Hubbard in his everyday life. I knew him to live his ideals as closely as a man could possibly do and still meet with sordid success the conditions of the times. He fully realized that ideal conditions can never be brought about anywhere—without ideal people. And whether an ideal people will ever be evolved he always doubted.*

IN *his universal love of humanity, it is but natural that you should expect him to be vastly interested in all children. His ideas on education, schools, colleges, the parents, environment, have made big impressions on the thinking people who have read him carefully.*

To make some little one happy seemed to give him real delight. All the kids in East Aurora knew him, and they always exchanged greetings on the street. Some-

times it would be, "Hello, John!" or "Oh, you Mr. Hubbard!" Away from home he was of general interest to all newsboys, who greeted him, "Cowboy, want a paper?" He always did. One time the newsboy on a train attracted him as being a good hustler. So to test him he gave him ten copies of WHO LIFTED THE LID— *"Sell them for a dime each and I will give you ten more." That boy is a Roycrofter now.*

But to the children who knew him most intimately he was "Uncle." Although he was a grandfather he never suggested in any way that he be called such. It seemed so out of place, too. Some folks, you know, are grandfathers long before their time.

Perhaps "Uncle Elbert" was self-styled. Any Roycroft baby whose name was Elbert or Elberta (and there have been a number) always received a bank-book from Elbert Hubbard, Banker, showing a deposit of five dollars. With it came a note of congratulations, and appreciation—"From 'e Uncle Elbert, with love and blessings."

Not only did his workers honor him. Just how many copies of the GARCIA *and* PIG-PEN PETE *he has inscribed to Elberts—Smith, Jones, Lewis, Johnson, etc.—I could n't venture to guess. This compliment to him was always pleasing. Not as a personal*

matter, I am sure, but because the fond parents bestowed the name Elbert upon their child in recognition of the ideals as put forth by Elbert Hubbard; also in hopes that they might serve as an inspiration to young Elbert.

I can still remember, as a boy, the thrill of being spoken to on the street by any grown man of the town. But I do not now recollect any man in particular who thus greeted me. My thrill might actually have lasted till now if Ingersoll, or Lincoln, or Webster, or Grant had lived in my town when I was a boy, and had called me by name or stopped to pat my head.

All his life Elbert Hubbard had a very tender love for little babies. He never missed an opportunity to fondle one. Any baby, anywhere, was of interest. Always an uncertain quantity, but with unlimited possibilities! When a boy he delighted in taking his baby sister, Honor, on a horse with him. He rode bareback and would gallop the horse down the road to the town pump and back. His mother says she can see them yet—the baby's long white dress streaming out in the wind. These little trips gave her considerable worry, but Bert could ride well. Besides, he did n't do it just to be smart: he was taking care of Sister, like any big brother should.

His father, Doctor Silas Hubbard, was the only

physician in their town, and consequently presided at all visits of the stork. This gave Elbert first information as to the new babies. He at once assumed part of the doctor's responsibility, and very often before the new arrival was a day old Elbert came around to make an inspection. You see, he had four sisters and no brother (except the adopted one he so charmingly tells about in that classic little story, How I Found My Brother). *Undoubtedly he looked with longing on all the new boy-babies—imagining each his brother.*

But when the last baby came to his own house, he found his big sister out in the woodshed crying. "What you bawling about?" "Well, it 's nothing but another nasty girl." "You should be glad it 's something. I 'm going to go see her."

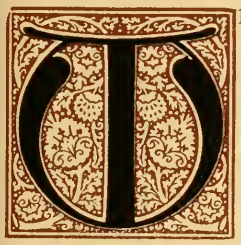
However, in an exceedingly busy life and at an age when all his babies had grown up, the thought of disturbed sleep and constant care of a baby held no charm for him. My family and I had just finished eating dinner with him one day. The baby had furnished much amusement and his attention to her had been constant. His remark seemed to express his thoughts of the flight of time—and the memory of the nights I had lengthened for him—when he turned to Alice and said, "Would n't it be fine to have a baby in the house—for about an hour!"

There are three little girls in my family, and their "Uncle" was very dear to them. They expect him back any time. The summers will come and go. They will look in vain for that kindly greeting and the little presents he always brought. The evening last April when he left East Aurora for the last time, he came to our little log house. He brought the children a box of Crane's chocolates and left it on the porch. The baby he carried around the garden as we talked. She has a little kernel under the skin behind each ear, which he discovered with great delight. "That's the only Hubbard baby you have," said he. "The kernels are the distinguishing mark of a genuine Hubbard." And she looked at him with wonder, not knowing that she was in the generation that was to produce another Hubbard the world would hear from. Some day, when she proves the theory that genius skips every other generation, I will tell her of his last blessing. He didn't say good-by—just kissed the baby and waved us a salute, "We'll see you all again in seven weeks."



First Roycroft Shop

Roycroft—July, 1916



HEN *Elbert Hubbard started the Roycroft Shops, in June, 1895, he did not foresee the development they were to make. Nor do we now see any limitation to what we shall accomplish. But for twenty years he put his heart and his abilities into the making of the institution that today stands as his monument.*

Twenty years is not a very long time—unless it is in front of you. In this brief span, from a small capital to start with, there has evolved a business whose last inventory shows it to be worth considerably more than half a million. Many men have made many times that in half the time. I do not speak of this value to accentuate the accomplishment as a great financial one.

I have in mind the thought that The Roycrofters, Incorporated, is the result of putting to the practical test a man's ideals—the ideals of living, of working, of art, study, desire, environment. To have made capital out of these things, which seemingly belong to dreamers,

artists, and scorners of accumulated wealth, is the great achievement.

Elbert Hubbard did not set his abilities to making money as a cumulative proposition. He never had any money on hand. It was always on the turn-over. He has said to me at times, when we were going over the cash-book preparatory to making up a payroll, "When we have a cash balance in the bank of twenty-five thousand all the time, we will rest easy." I surely thought so, but I knew we 'd never have it, for nothing made my father more generous and eager to do something new, than a couple of thousand dollars in the bank. He has been criticized for his money-making propensities, but he cared nothing for money for its own sake. He drew a personal salary of only $2,000 a year, and he always had plenty of it left over for pennies for the kiddies!

He lived a simple life and spent little money for his own pleasures. His satisfaction in being able to make money was in that he could use it to make a better and bigger Roycroft. This institution was always self-supporting. It has been created out of its own earnings. No outside capital was ever invested in it. It has no bonds, no mortgages, no preferred stock.

JUST *a year ago Elbert Hubbard sailed away on the* LUSITANIA. *When the unbelievable news came and the world had caught its breath, the people who knew of the Roycroft Shops looked toward East Aurora with a speculative wonder as to what was to happen. Much was said as to the probability of the Chapel becoming a home for bats; the Printshop a dungeon of darkness; the Inn a parlor of solitude; the Furniture Shop, the Copper and Leather Shops, empty chambers where rust, ruin and cobwebs would greet the chance visitor; the beautiful lawns and flowerbeds becoming pastures for patient old horses, where burdocks and thistles would hold full sway! Some had a vision of Roycroft as a flower gone to seed, a lamp out of which the oil had burned, a once busy place where now no wheels turned and no song of contented workers gladdened the long hours of the summer day. All would be quiet, still, and the breath of life would go out with the sinking of the sun in the west, as it cast long shadows across the playgrounds where happy children used to play. Without its master, Roycroft would become a thing in history.*

BUT *these were the visions of gossips whose blood ran thin. Their prophecies were from their own empty minds.*

For one month only was there any slacking of Roycroft industries. We needed that time and no more to govern our sorrow and find ourselves.

From the First of July, 1915, every department of the Roycroft Shops has been working to capacity. There are more workers on the payroll than ever before. Out of the possibility of a decline we have made real progress. The Printshop is running its presses night and day to keep up. The Copper and Leather Shops can't fill their orders. We are adding daily to the list of Roycroft publication readers.

Roycroft is busy, therefore happy. There is an absolute spirit of success in its blood. We have no doubts, no fears. Our ship is sailing ahead under full rig. You can't stop us. We are bound for that port called Success. The last six months of 1915, ten thousand visitors came to the Inn. This year, double that will come. Next year, reservations will have to be made months in advance.

No, I am not boasting—I'm telling you straight stuff. You should be advised of this because you are interested. The perpetuation of The Roycrofters means much more than a mere financial success. The place stands for many ideals.

Elbert Hubbard's efforts are in evidence in every nook and corner. His spirit permeates the atmosphere and

constantly holds out to us an inspiration to do better work and more work. Never do I see and feel the accomplishment of a job well done but that I want him to pass his judgment on it and approve. There is an everlasting desire to demonstrate that he taught us well, and that we are fitted to do things as he would have us do them.

We have gone through this first year with credit to ourselves. We have grown and broadened. Our future is clear to us. We have lots of work to do and have the heart and courage to do it.

The Roycroft Shops shall live. Elbert Hubbard's finest monument shall be the institution he founded and developed. His hopes are our hopes—his joys, our joys. And when he looks out upon us from his present sphere of life and sees the result of our efforts he shall say: "My work was not in vain. I helped them to help themselves. They do me credit and I am proud of my Roycroft boys and girls."

The big reward is not for the man who will lighten our burdens, but for him who will give us strength to carry them

From Elbert Hubbard's Friends



DOUBT *if any one person ever received such a collection of letters as have come to me in the last nine months! There are about forty thousand of the particular kind I have in mind. These are condoling, sympathetic, advisory, counseling, suggestive, reminiscent. All in all, they have been wonderfully encouraging and helpful.*

These letters have come from the friends of Elbert Hubbard. They are from every possible class of men and women, in all stages and walks of life: from the boys at Sing Sing, Atlanta, Florence, Joliet, Leavenworth. He always went out of his way to visit these places and to talk to the boys. His philosophy gave them cheer and hope. He understood them.

There are letters from working people from all over the world—even Germany! One good German wrote me, among other things, that he had taken his copies of the War Number of THE PHILISTINE *and* WHO LIFTED THE LID OFF OF HELL? *to both the postal and*

the military authorities, lest they be found in his possession and he be taken for a spy.

ELBERT HUBBARD *was a friend of the worker. "The reason some people have to work from daylight till dark, and their work is never done, is that some people never work at all."*
Perhaps there are more of the so-called common people among his friends than of any other kind.
But not only did he reach the masses. My file comprises many very personal communications from men and women higher up: those who direct the affairs of Government, of business big and little, of finance; artists, literary lights; actor folks, both known and unknown. They all knew him—even though not personally in many instances, they had come to know him through his writings and lectures. Why do I speak of all this? No, I am not flattered. I am not the reason for it. They have meant much to me personally to be sure, but the big thing about them is, they demonstrate the success of Elbert Hubbard's life. To have made an impression on the thinking minds of the world—to have influenced the thought and lives of countless thousands, so that they saw with clearer vision, felt more keenly the great purposes of life, the joy of living, the spirit of brotherhood and love, the sacredness of all work—what a success!

ELBERT HUBBARD *was an idealist, and tried to live up to his ideals. "When I speak of success I do not mean it in the sordid sense—the result of a man's work is not the measure of his success. To go down with the ship in storm and tempest is better than to paddle away to Paradise in an orthodox canoe. To have worked is to have succeeded—we leave the results to time. Life is too short to gather the harvest—we can only sow."*

I have this motto framed and hanging in my room. Every time I see it I am reminded of my letters. That's a wonderful lot of letters! One is from a very close friend. He tells me that a syndicate in New York would like to buy Roycroft and that he should take it up with me. Did a man ever have a duty more pronounced! I read the motto on the wall of my room and answered the letter.

MANY *of my letters give me advice—mostly good. The biggest men who wrote me, though, did not do this. They knew that to advise a man in something they do not know all about is the most difficult thing in the world. The other day I sought the advice of a big businessman, a friend. I had a problem to solve. He listened carefully to me for an hour. He asked me questions about phases of the problem I had not dwelt*

upon. He drew me out. He made me think more about that thing than I had ever thought about it before. He explained some parallel instances that he knew of. But all this time he did not advise me. He was too big to do it. He told me when I left him that it was my problem, that I knew more about it than he, and that I must solve it myself. I had already, but I did n't tell him. That man knew me and had regard for me. He knew that he could not solve anything for me—that I had to do it myself.

Many of my letters are reminiscent. The May (1916) issue of The Fra *is going to be made up entirely of articles by Elbert Hubbard's friends, telling of the most interesting experience in their acquaintance.*

One lady wrote me of a rather interesting incident. She said it was just like Elbert Hubbard, too! He was to lecture in Washington at four-thirty one afternoon. The lady had invited three friends. They were all working for the Government, and Uncle Sam would n't let them off until four-thirty, Elbert Hubbard or not. So the young lady had her nerve with her and sent Elbert Hubbard a note explaining and asking if he might set his watch back, say, twelve minutes, so they could get there and not miss anything. They entered the theater

twelve minutes late. On the stage stood Mr. Hubbard, watch in hand, smiling. He recognized them as they took their seats and then began his lecture.

Gillhooley, of Niagara Falls, sent in his subscription to The Fra *the other day. Incidentally he asked if I minded the time he held a Grand Trunk through-train for fourteen minutes, so my father and I would not get left! Sure, I remember that time! Our train on the Pennsylvania going to Buffalo was twenty minutes late. (When they build that new depot here it won't happen any more.) This meant we would miss our connection at Buffalo. We had reservations on the Grand Trunk train, and the conductor was looking for us. We had wired him that our train was a few minutes late—and could he possibly hold the train?*

We had to change depots at Buffalo. The shortest cut was across the tracks and over the back way. The snow was a foot deep and blowing a blizzard. We had luggage. There were three freight-trains in the way that had to be climbed over.

On top of one was a man in uniform watching for some one. He saw us and waved his hands, and hustled down to meet us. It was Gillhooley, conductor of the Grand Trunk train. When he pulled out he was fourteen minutes behind his schedule—and his train was crowded, too.

This meant to us that the lecture date was filled. The fourteen minutes was made up. That conductor was human. He might have lost his job for that. Father always remembered him. My letters have proven many things to me; mainly, that this world has more love and kindness in it than anything else.

To have worked is to have succeeded — we leave the results to time. Life is too short to gather the harvest— we can only sow



The Roycroft Shop and Boulder

A Boulder to Elbert Hubbard's Memory

A MAN *in the prime of life and centering his whole activity in the building of his ideals, is not apt to give much thought to the monument which will mark his grave. If in his heart he knows his life is a beneficial one to humanity at large, he also knows that his work and memory will be his real monument. The mark of the last resting-place of a tired body is simply the last milestone in the little journey called life. It should not mean, "Here endeth." I do not know much about world-weariness, for my years have been few and very much filled with sweetness and joy. I do know, though, that pleasure and happiness are only comparative conditions and come incidentally. It is quite useless to make a life search for them. But I imagine that in the middle periods of a life fraught with the pains and joys of carrying burdens and responsibilities that are ceaseless, a certain*

weariness comes that would make it seem easier to lay aside these worldly cares.

Perhaps Elbert Hubbard was given to feel just such moments when the everlasting struggle appeared to tire him. He rarely allowed himself to be dominated by them longer than to cast a glance into the infinite future. In his LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF PATRICK HENRY *he wrote: "Life is a gradual death. Success is death, and death, if you have bargained wisely with Fate, is victory." To him, death held no fears. It was as natural as life, and "sometimes quite as desirable."*

Once as we stood at the grave of Emerson in Sleepy Hollow, I remember the remark he made: "This big boulder was put here by his friends and is a silent tribute to the memory of a great and splendid soul. It is a sacred shrine, where men and women come to bask in the realm of thought. These were his playgrounds; here he worked. When I am gone and my friends wish to do me honor, let them scatter my ashes on the Roycroft lawns and place there the biggest boulder they can find."

To me in my youth these words sent a chill to my heart. The thought of it ever becoming a duty to carry out such a mission was so far in the future that I could not apprehend the full meaning of his words. Nor did I realize that the simplicity of his wish meant more to

him than a passing thought. I know now that back of it was much concern; that the Roycroft Shops were the children of his dreams, and that to be separated from them even in death was not his wish. He requested in his will that his body be cremated, and not buried in the ground.

How strange, then, that Fate should have assisted in this, and while defeating in part his desire, on the other hand compromised by honoring the deep blue water of the Irish Sea as his burial-place.

You will likely remember how, when he built the Roycroft buildings, he bulled the market on boulders. He had a great liking for these plain, rough stones of the Glacial Period.

So when it became our duty—altogether too soon—to carry out his wish, my memory carried me over the roads we used to ride and down into the bed of the Cazenovia Creek at Taylorshire.

There I knew was a big stone, for I had fished from it when the water was low.

An interview with the good farmer followed. He assured me we might have the big boulder if we could move it, and that his would be the honor of furnishing a memorial for his friend and neighbor. Then he told me how my father had often stopped at his house to get a drink of water and talk horse.

He told me, too, that he remembered when this stone used to be at least a quarter of a mile farther up the creek, but that the high-water and the ice had washed it down stream a little each Spring. It seemed impossible for the boulder weighs at least seven tons.

Moving it was a job, but with the help of old man Kulp, who says he can move anything God can move, we got it to Roycroft and out in the middle of the lawn.

This big plain stone, uncarved and unadorned in its rugged simplicity, rolled and tumbled by the elements for ages until the rough places and sharp edges have all become smooth, typifies the life of the man. He, too, was rolled and tumbled by the great problems of life. His spirit was never broken, but his sympathies were polished until no pain, no ache, no trial, no joy known to the human heart was alien to him.

The boulder is also a memorial to Alice Hubbard. Her desire in life was to be a help to Elbert Hubbard. In this she succeeded greatly. She met the problems that came, and when the last great day was upon her I know she met her fate bravely, happy in the thought that she had lived her own life and would cross the border hand in hand with him.

So, as an item of record, the boulder was unveiled Sunday afternoon, July 2, 1916. A gentle rain made it impossible to hold the simple memorial out of doors. In the Music-Room, Joe Mitchell Chapple held the assemblage breathless with his beautiful tribute. And Carrie Jacobs Bond sang "Just A-Wearyin' for You" and "A Perfect Day."

Just as she finished, and the last strain floated out through our hearts to the open, the sun burst out in a torrent of light. We marched out and across the lawns to the boulder, where each in their own thoughts paid tribute. Then Captain Jack Crawford recited his poem "Sunshine"—a fitting conclusion to a perfect day. The bronze tablet on the boulder reads:

ERECTED JULY 2, 1916
TO THE MEMORY OF
ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD

ELBERT HUBBARD
BORN JUNE 19, 1856
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

ALICE HUBBARD
BORN JUNE 7, 1861
WALES CENTER, NEW YORK

BOTH WERE LOST IN THE IRISH SEA WITH
THE LUSITANIA, MAY 7, 1915
THEY LIVED AND DIED FEARLESSLY

Our finest flowers are often
weeds transplanted

The Dump



AM *finishing a job my father started. He started very few things he did not finish. When his idea had shaped itself into a plan his enthusiasm was contagious. Those around him were sure to catch it. Sometimes his schemes were eccentric, and some of us of course had doubts as to their soundness. But experience had shown him to be right at least fifty-one per cent of the time.*

At the outskirts of the town and adjoining his farm was the village "dump." This was a five-acre swamp not good for anything—a skating-pond in Winter and a frog-pond in Summer. For twenty years East Aurora had dumped there its annual collection of tin cans, bottles, old iron, wire, brush, ashes, and every conceivable old thing. Perhaps it would have continued till this day. The sight of it was a terrible blotch on the landscape, marring an otherwise beautiful view. "What's the matter with making a park out of that?" said my Father one day. So the idea was hatched. You

see this stinking dump was in the hatching business —toads, lizards, frogs, snakes, mosquitoes, flies, typhoid, and all kinds of things. This day it brought forth a new product—an idea, new and clean.

Make a park of the dump! Bury the debris of twenty years' accumulation! Put out of sight the waste of a thousand homes, with all its traditions, its memories, its associations, its lure to the small boy and the junk-picker. Force the Weary Willies of the road to seek other markets for the exchange of worn-out tomato-cans for new! Drain off the stagnant water, and bury its reptile society, with the cast-off conclusions of a wasteful people! Clear out the underbrush and poison-ivy and black alder! Give the new growth of young elm, ash, hickory, ironwood and wild cherry a chance! Make of this long-time eyesore a playground! Put up swings for the kiddies, and build a little shack in the rear—another Little Journey camp. Yes, those were his thoughts and intentions. So it was that some years ago he bought this five acres of dump for fifty dollars and started to carry out the plan. It need n't be done all at once, but let the boys work at it between times. When the farmhands had a little time to spare they could haul gravel from the pit on the farm.

Nearly every day for about a year Elbert Hubbard, with a gang of printers and guests of the Roycroft Inn

(you see the enthusiasm was great), might be found at the dump, spreading rubbish into the low places and discussing the ethics of business in the rest moments.

A thousand loads or more of gravel were hauled into the dump and carefully spread, the brush was burned and the water drained off. There was little to be done to complete the work. But for some reason the good intentions to finish the job lagged. For two or three years nothing more was done except to erect a sign: "Say, you dumper, this is no dump—pass on!"

It was surprising how quickly a deserted and forgotten swamp will grow up to thick brush and brambles. In the two years of neglect the old dump had raised a brand-new crop. Also, certain good folks had, perhaps through force of habit, continued to use the place for a convenient spot to dispose of their discard. Nobody was ever seen doing it. Dark nights were used for this purpose. And the dumper could go away with a clear conscience, too, for all signs are nil when obscured by the friendly darkness. No one can be accused of misdemeanor when not caught.

A FEW *weeks ago, when searching for a place to build a retreat, the old dump suddenly occurred to me as the place. Here, too, was a chance to finish the job*

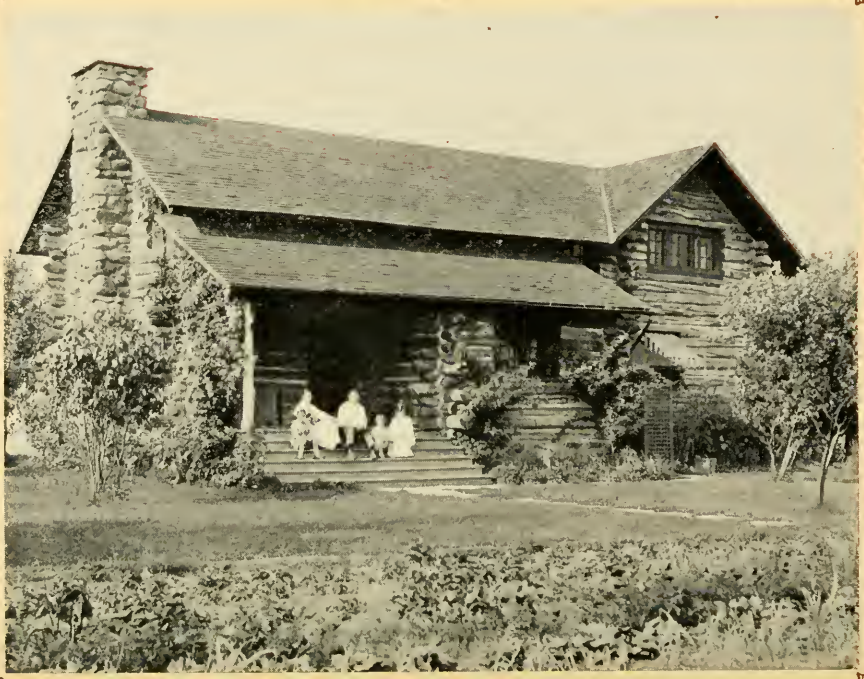
my Father had started. The sentiment was strong. So I gathered a few axes and a scythe, and with Al Mehan, who was visiting at the Inn, Sandy, and a couple of roustabouts, started in to reclaim this piece of waste property. Al, who sells lumber for a business, helped me drive a well. We got water at ten feet, and blisters in an hour. We cut brush and we shoveled dirt over the tin cans. Then we built a roadway to the back of the lot, winding in and out among the trees so as to obscure it from the passers-by.

Asbestos, that colt Felix could n't ride, was hitched to a dirt-wagon with Mike, an old horse who had more than horse-sense. Mike taught Asbestos that the way of the world is hard, and the lash of a whip to be respected when wielded by Ali Baba, Jr. Now, Asbestos is a full-fledged work-horse and will pull his side of a load of gravel as well as any horse. The old "dump" is now a thing of history. Centuries hence, when explorers dig beneath the surface here, they will find relics of an age of curious peoples.

At the back of the little park Sandy and I built a house, twelve by twenty, only one room. There are double bunks in the corner and an old-fashioned woodstove. We did n't swipe the lumber this time. They have a night-watchman at the lumber-yard. Daddy Flickinger, of Erie, Pa., who came to East

Aurora to rusticate, helped us with much good advice and a spare hammer (the kind you drive nails with, I mean). He also gave us a name for the place. It is "Brushken." I believe he was thinking of the piles of brush and the buried tin cans. I like the name, though, and it sticks.

The little park is n't done yet. The finishing touches will be added from time to time in play-spells. But all in all, I 'm sure we are arriving at the sort of conclusion Elbert Hubbard had in mind. The "dump" is gone. In its place there is a beautiful little grove of hardwoods and a restful quiet shack, where LITTLE JOURNEYS *could be written if there were any one to write them.*



The Log House

Reflections

(With apologies to W. M. R.)



USED *to live in a little log house, set in the middle of a two-acre lot. When I bought the land (with money I borrowed), there was not a tree or a shrub on it. Evenings, after work, I planted some trees, berry-bushes, roses and vines.*

After the lot was finally paid for, I borrowed some more money to build the house. My father did not give me any money—I gave him my note and paid him interest. That was kind of him, and he knew it better than I—at that time.

He did give me permission to cut the logs from his woods, ten miles out of town. There was no charge for them, but the cost of bringing them in was a big item. The house finally grew into a home. I had a garden in which I raised all the things we could eat, and more than that. I raised strawberries in quantities. My berries were better than the markets offered. I made a

reputation with them. This reputation was only three blocks long in each direction. But it might have grown to endless distances.

Also, I raised finer asparagus, raspberries and currants than common. There were fewer weeds in my garden than in any other in the neighborhood. The rows of vegetables were straighter and longer. My chickens laid more eggs than others. My six hives of Maeterlinck bees seemed to prosper, too. They gathered honey enough to supply all my friends.

Sunday mornings I always sifted ashes. I had a wood pile and kept two months' supply ahead. There was a young orchard which grew in five years to bearing fruit. The house was surrounded by a lawn which I kept closely cut. And, too, there were flowers—roses especially.

Inside the house was a real home, and presently, as the years went by, there came three little girls. Each was to be a boy (till she came), so that I could have help in the garden. But girls can do anything boys can do—if they start right. The oldest one learned to plant seeds and finally had her own little plot.

She was especially fond of onions, and when only big enough to creep followed the row of sets I was planting and dug them out. When I turned to look she was eating them with immense glee.

The log-house life was a success. My partner was a hustler, thrifty and ambitious, perhaps more so than I. She had foresight, was a great economist, and a remarkable home-maker. She and the kids picked strawberries and sold them around the neighborhood while I was at work at the Shops. That's how I got my reputation. We had no hired girl for several years.

I spent my evenings at home, working outdoors till dark, and often long after. I belonged to no lodge, no clubs, and did not care for cards or "society." My only "evenings out" were spent at the Village office, once every two weeks. I was considered a good citizen by the community and honored with a place on the Village Board for nine years.

We had no calling-list and no Thursdays. My wife did not belong to the Woman's Club. Our home was our paradise, and it took all our spare time to keep it in shape. We were often complimented on its beauty and thrifty appearance. Some of my neighbors, whose gardens were only weeds, said: "I don't see how you do it. I can't." But I knew.

And all this time, way off in the dim future, we were planning on a bigger place, a farm out in the country, where we would have room for some cows and pigs and enough land to necessitate a team. When the

time would come I could quit my job at the Shops. But the job at the Shop kept getting bigger and I was taking on more responsible work. The farm seemed further off —but it must come some time. Others could do the shopwork when everything got to running better.
Somehow, though, after the kiddies were tucked in bed, and Wife and I were resting on the porch in the cool starlight, after a hot day, one of us was apt to remark, "These are the happiest days of our lives; the future can't always be like this. Here we have our own little world and our troubles are nil. The babies, the garden, the chickens, the bees; plenty of everything and no insurmountable tasks. Let's enjoy it while it lasts."

THAT'S *all there was to it for eleven years. A small existence, you say! I admit it, but perhaps I had other ambitions, dormant, and less in the foreground. Don't put me down as a soft-shell seeker of ease. Contentment and happiness are always to be cherished. It is either a relentless undercurrent of energy or fate that makes a man seek responsibilities that are the price of freedom.*
Now? Gracious, how time has whirled! Well, it was n't the surplus of energy that gave me my boost. I'm getting under the load and my shoulders can carry it.
I don't live in the log house now, and I don't tend the

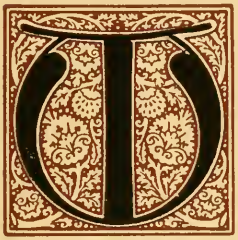
garden. The chickens have long since been plucked. The bees have flown. The rosebushes need pruning, and the orchard is growing too many suckers. I fear me the woodpile is gone. The weeds will outgrow the cabbages and celery. The lawn will not be so close-cropped. For a city friend has rented the home.
We carried the sentiment with us, though. It brings a heart-pang to hear the little girls ask: "Daddy, when are we going back? You promised to, you know?"

THE *job that was flopped on to me is a real one. I did n't ask for it, but I had to take it. An opportunity, the biggest any youngster ever had. My principal responsibilities are now keeping peace between the departments, killing gossip, and signing payroll-checks; incidentally writing sharp collection-letters for slow* FRA *renewals, to help supply the necessary funds to keep those checks from protest; figuring how to keep pace with the ever-increasing cost of paper, copper, leather and wages, not to mention coal; worrying about the consequences of a war (the income-tax does n't bother a bit); using the blue-pencil and my small-town attitude on the ambitious writings of a courageous editor; and all the time plugging rat-holes and leaks that only the man who pays the bills can see.*
What about the "Missus"? She has my sympathies.

Running a sixty-room Inn is n't like a six-room bungalow. But if I were to tell you the net saving in her department last year over the year before, you would accuse me of undue pride in my relatives. Not only did she save, but she improved the service. I never ran a hotel, and I don't now. She does. I'm content to stay on my own side of the street.

But some day (please don't smile!), I shall pack up our duds, and Wife, the three kiddies, the cat and I will go back to the log house at the side of the road, with all its sentiment and memories. And we'll grow roses, and strawberries and asparagus. Now, would n't that be beautiful! Will we do it? We will not! Life does n't circle. The course is an inverted spiral.

Responsibility and Freedom



ERE *you to ask me for a definition of contentment I would venture this: Contentment is a process of adjusting one's thoughts to conditions as they are—holding that in the main there is a firm basis of right.*

Every one seeks contentment. But fortunately for the evolution of the universe we never do find it—except for a day or so at a time.

The everlasting discontent of man makes him hustle. Just over yonder the opportunity seems a little better, the job a little easier, a little more peace and rest. But when we get there we find conditions about the same as here under our feet. You know how you hunt for a place to eat your lunch when out on a picnic in the woods? And how that nice smooth spot over on the other side of the ravine is n't so smooth as it looked?

When I was a youngster and was forbidden to do certain things or to go to certain places, I had the same thoughts every boy under restraint has: "Just wait till I am twenty-one: I 'll do as I please then."

But when I became twenty-one, the long-wished-for time when I thought I could shape my own actions, somehow I did n't do as I pleased. There were new factors in my existence, some new interests and restraints.

The other day I was talking with a young lady of this childish desire for freedom. She told me that, when she was a little girl, her father tried an experiment with herself and her sister. They had both complained of the restraint he put on them and reminded him they had a right to do as they pleased. "All right," said he, "I want you to be happy and to have all the freedom you can use. You should know whether you need my help or not. So I suggest a little stunt. For the next week you are free to do and go just as you please. Only one condition do I make: you are not to ask my advice, or opinion, or counsel on anything. You are to be your own dictators, choose your own pleasures."

"For a whole week! Think of it! And nobody to tell us when to get up or when to go to bed, or what we shall eat! Oh my, and we can go anywhere we want! Gee, what fun!"

For a week their father made no comment on their behavior, no expression of criticism or appreciation.

The first day or two was just fun. Then there came an uncertainty in their minds about the plans for a certain little theater party. But father would n't help them decide. When they overslept and were late for breakfast next morning, their father had left for the office, without any complaint of their tardiness. If only he had called them and remonstrated a little, it would have been a relief. In the evening his attitude was kindly and cheerful, but indifferent. They worked at their lessons in solitude, for he was busy reading. And so the week dragged out without father offering any suggestion as to their behavior. An occasional appeal for some advice was met with a smile and gentle reminder, "Suit yourselves." When Saturday night came the young ladies had learned their lesson and were eager to call it quits. Their week of freedom had been a trial. The responsibility of deciding for themselves and the consciousness of their own actions had weighed on them. To be free from restraint also brought a burden of decision. Father's counsel and advice had a different value after that.

I WAS *always a great deal of an Indian. I once had an idea that to be able to hunt and fish and tramp the woods would be an ideal life. And so it might! As yet I have n't exactly outgrown this joy of freedom to*

be gotten from the silence of the big woods, and seek it whenever I can. However, I have learned the truth that joy and happiness are at the last but comparative conditions! To be alone in the forest, with only the trees and the sounds of Nature, simply exemplifies the great blessing of being with people—especially with those few who understand or love you, or are tolerant and considerate. At one short period of my young manhood I used to think that married life in a little log bungalow with just Wife and I, and no children, would bring contentment everlasting. How little I knew about it! The three little girls in my household today are as much a part of my life as the sunshine and fresh air. No possible thing or condition could fill the void should they be taken away.

A wise man has said, "We grow strong through bearing burdens." Yet I suppose some burdens may be too big to allow for the necessary growth to bear them.

We can only appreciate and comprehend just in proportion as we know. We do not know true values unless we have the comparative. You would be free from hate? Then learn to love. Would break away from unjust laws? Develop power to make just ones. Superstition and fear grip you? Surely then you must grow in mentality and study the laws of Nature.

I am not exactly a believer in predestination, but I do

know that we are in degree responsible for our own destinies. It is most natural for us all to say what we would do if we were in the other fellow's place. But being put in his place and having his responsibilities, likely enough we would do just as he does. It all depends on the outlook, the point of view. To make the decision and bear the effect of the results, good or bad, is different from suggesting to the other fellow that he do this or that.

So, after all, the measure of contentment or happiness is only relative, just as everything else is. And I am sure if you weigh in the scale all that matters, the balance will be perfect.

"God's in his Heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Men congratulate themselves on their position, no matter what it is; the world is wrong, not they

Preferred Justice

A CLIPPING *from the San Diego (California)* UNION *has this heading: "Judge Sentences Shirking Sailor to Read Poem." The poem referred to is* A MESSAGE TO GARCIA. *Just why the reporter who wrote the editorial should call it a Poem, I don't know, unless perhaps he never read the* MESSAGE.

The sentence imposed was really a very unusual procedure of the Court. Justice Keating, presiding, whose business it is to hand out justice to the unfaithful who are unfortunate—or I believe I should say fortunate—enough to be brought before him, showed his great insight into the weakness and needs of men.

The young man receiving the sentence was a member of the naval militia and was charged with failure to attend drills and militia parades—not a very serious crime. In pronouncing sentence on this man Judge Keating said: "This Court sentences you to pay a fine of $25.00, but suspends sentence pending your

good behavior. You are also ordered to procure and read a little story called A MESSAGE TO GARCIA."

ALTHOUGH *not positive as to anything else the Judge said at the time, I am reasonably certain he added this :* " *That essay contains a moral lesson you need. Ten days in jail would not do for you what the* MESSAGE *will. You are a man who ought to know how to keep out of court, and the reason you don't is because you have wasted your time and energy at the wrong things. I like your looks and I want to help you. The kind of persuasion you need is a little more moral and less forcible. You are not bad, but you are careless of your own responsibilities. If you would realize your own importance in the community and your duties as a militiaman, you would not be here. Now read* A MESSAGE TO GARCIA *and get its lesson. Come to my office after four o'clock next Tuesday and tell me what you think of it. But remember this, the Court can enforce payment of the fine at any time you fail to be a friend to yourself.*"

THE *next time I go to San Diego I am going to call on Judge Keating myself (unaccompanied by a bluecoat and after four o'clock), and I am going to congratulate him on his great wisdom and the genuine hospitality of his court.*

In stamping the approval of a court of justice on the MESSAGE, *he paid its author a very high compliment indeed. I believe that is the first time this little literary lesson has been used in quite that way.*

However, its fame has in the past few days been demonstrated to me by two other incidents almost as pronounced:

An agent of the British War Department wrote me for permission to have A MESSAGE TO GARCIA *reprinted in London to send over to the boys in the trenches. Why certainly I consented! The other case is in the form of an order from the Government of the Philippine Islands for a large quantity of the booklets for distribution among its employees.*

THERE *is one thing about the* MESSAGE *that makes me feel as if perhaps it would not have been written had it not been for me: McKinley and Teddy and Dewey carried on the war and whipped Spain. Rowan carried the message to Garcia in Cuba. All that is history and undisputed.*

Garcia did n't know how important the event was, nor that his name was soon to be immortalized.

But do you know that it was I who furnished the real close-up inspiration for A MESSAGE TO GARCIA, *as written by Elbert Hubbard?*

Out of the kindness of his big heart my Father has told how he came to write this epoch-making essay, in these few words: "The immediate suggestion came from a little argument over the teacups, when my boy Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban War. Rowan had gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia. It came to me like a flash! Yes, the boy is right: the hero is the man who does his work—who carries the message to Garcia."

Now was n't that a nice compliment and just like him! I was sixteen years old at the time and from the records I perceive that I was all boy. What I did n't know about all kinds of deviltry could be put in your eye. What I did n't know about responsibility, and the importance of holding down a job, would fill a tall copy of the ESSAY ON SILENCE.

I think I will have to tell you just how I furnished the inspiration for the "Garcia." It is as clear in my memory as on that great day. I surely deserved all I got. But the worst of it all was everybody around there knew just who that special "Message" was for. First I was humiliated; but when George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad ordered a million copies of A MESSAGE TO GARCIA, *I got chesty. If anybody mentioned my late act of "imprudence" I came right back with—"Well, you think you are so smart, let 's*

see you inspire another world-beater!" It is n't every day a boy can be of such service to humanity. Nobody ever did anything alone, nor enjoyed a good time by himself, nor hugged a sorrow to his own breast. There is always some one else, somewhere. Truth is only half-true. A lie is the only thing that needs no partner. Service is often given in obscure ways. Sometimes it is n't appreciated. We need each other, no matter what happens. What's that?—What did I do to call forth the greatest business essay ever written? Oh yes, I was going to tell you. But, never mind now! Other boys have done worse —but perhaps Elbert Hubbard was n't interested in them.

So here endeth

IMPRESSIONS

being short sketches and intimacies concerning ELBERT HUBBARD, *The Roycroft & things Roycroftie, together with some autobiography written by* ELBERT HUBBARD II, *gathered together by* FREDERIC BANN, *and made into this, his first book, by* AXEL EDWARD SAHLIN, *typographical expert,* CHARLES J. ROSEN, *super-printer, &* CHARLES YOUNGERS, *bibliopegist extra-ordinary, and loyal Roycrofters all*



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